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**ANYTA AND OTHER POEMS.**





*F. B. Sanborn  
Concord  
Mass.*

# ANYTA

AND

## OTHER POEMS.

BY  
GEORGE H. CALVERT.



BOSTON:

E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY.

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1866.

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**ANYTA.**





ANYTA.



I.

THY happy tongue strings vocal pearls  
From morn to eve through listening noon;  
Thou shakest beauty from thy curls,  
As on the longest day of June  
The Sun pours splendor from his eyes,  
Thou font of sinless ecstasies.

Thou indoor Sun, whose gendering ray  
Is the glad look thy smile that crests,  
Thy little self sheds light all day,

Kindling new love in thankful breasts,  
 And breeding such good thoughts in me  
 That I am inly warmed by thee.

And was I once as thou now art,  
 My days with rosy blossoms rife?  
 Therefore it is thy little heart  
 Singing so true fresh songs of life,  
 Tunes mine upon a wiser key,  
 And makes me find myself in thee.

1853.

## II.

My feelings grow too large for speech,  
 If on the cliff in vivid hour  
 I stand, and with my mind would reach  
 About the sea and clasp its power.

When reverend Night, opening her eyes,  
 Bends all their pomp of look on me,  
 Dilated by the light, I rise  
 On thoughts of hushed solemnity.

Thy great new eyes light in me thought  
 Deeper than sea or night can draw,  
 To speechless love and wonder wrought,  
 Gazing in them with holy awe.

III.

The life that flashes in the cloud  
 Dies in its thunder-greeted birth :  
 The night it scatters from the earth  
 Reclasps it with an earthy shroud.

Quick kindled from a sphere still higher  
Are lightnings mixt of finer light,  
That die not, quenched in sudden night,  
But live a steadfast sacred fire.

Like suns new-lit by th' Architect,  
Who warms th' eternal domes above,  
Fresh flashes issuing from his love  
Warm thee, by his great hand bedeckt.

And thus in glistening unity  
Thy beauties inly bud and flower :  
Thou beam'st with daily brightened power,  
Each day more full of Deity.

IV.

With thee 't is ever morning,  
 Thou playmate of the Hours;  
 Young Time keeps young, adorning  
 Thy life with dewy flowers.  
 Thy minutes all are blessings,  
 Rained from an inward Heaven;  
 We share them through caressings,  
 Regiving what thou 'st given.  
 Hope's fondling, pet of gladness,  
 Of prattling joy  
 The ready toy,  
 Thy coming gilds the clouds of sadness.

Is it a fiery breathing,  
The pulsing of the brain,  
In the rich turmoil seething  
Of its initial gain?  
Or does imagination,  
Enfreed by thee and fed,  
Exhale an emanation  
To girt thy glittering head?  
For lo! a golden glory  
Circles thy brow:  
It fronts me now,  
Palpable as that of sacred story.

Fresh orb of holy fire,  
That sun'st our earthy night,  
Thy motion swings me higher,  
Thou singing star of light!  
The splendor in thy glances  
Relumes my darkened youth;

Thou swell'st my tide of fancies  
 New satellite of truth.  
 Wise monitor of duty,  
 Mysterious child !  
 In thee upiled  
 Are treasures of love and beauty.

v.

The noonday heat hath hushed the air,  
 And leaflets drink with noiseless glee  
 Their fill of light, and everywhere  
 The hot earth pulses silently.

Adown through ash-leaved maple limbs,  
 That guard with green the open sash,  
 A thousand rays with voiceless hymns,  
 A golden throng, benignant flash.

The light and air serenely keep  
A smiling watch about the bed,  
Whereon divine resistless sleep  
Hath chained those lips, that restless head.

The warm beams play at hide-and-seek  
'Mong naked knees and arms and curls,  
And smoothly glide from rounded cheek,  
Like flying shadows chased from pearls.

And whosoever now draws nigh,  
A loving listening silence keeps,  
To catch that whisper from on high,  
The breathing of a child that sleeps.



VI.

Life's tide in that sleep-circled breast  
 Heaves with a swell so much more worth  
 Than common cadences of earth,  
 It might be breathings of the blest.

The Builder builds a being rare,  
 Flushing it full with virgin power,  
 And in its rest, that holy hour,  
 Unresting works creative there.

And Beauty then—like flowers at night,  
 That nurse their sweetness in their sleep—  
 Crouches to spring with bolder leap,  
 And seize tranced eyes with gaudier light.

## VII.

Of genius 't is the gorgeous gift  
To read the cipher always gleaming  
From Nature's face, and shrewdly sift  
The subtleties of her wise seeming.

The Artist's large elected eye,  
Tracking the Almighty's splendid duty,  
Enraptured sees even gross things lie  
Transfigured by the soul of beauty.

And things that are or great or good  
Shine with a twofold lustre glowing,  
Imburnished by his purple mood,  
Like streams 'mid autumn foliage flowing.

These trembling moods, by plastic might  
 Transmuted are to firm creations,  
 So potent fair, they grow the light  
 And glory of the proudest nations.

And kings upraise themselves who raise  
 Art-palaces to ward these treasures,  
 That so the heart with joy amaze,  
 And feed such inward endless pleasures,

That thoughtful, thankful, Christian men,  
 To steep their eyes in these pure pages,  
 Bringing best will or practised ken,  
 Make to them votive pilgrimages.

And such a Palace broadly stands,  
 Its walls with hallowed handwork flashing,  
 Where Elbe is proudest of her lands,  
 Her waters stately Dresden dashing.

Here flame-eyed Rubens' titan brush  
Hastens to fix the thronged emotions,  
Lightening from his hot brain, that gush  
In fulgent floods of grand proportions,

And here the wisest gaze with awe,  
To see unfolded by a brother  
Beauty transcending earthly law,—  
The Saviour-Child and sainted Mother,

“Madonna di San Sisto” styled,  
Whereinto holy Raphael melted  
His boundless being undefiled :—  
Those radiant heads, with grandeur belted.

Here too is great Correggio's “Night.”  
The dawn, that through Heaven's portal prieth,  
Has not yet scaled in his auburn flight  
The lonely manger, wherein lieth

The sacred Child. Yet, lo! a sight!

Athwart the air so thick and sparkless  
From th' Infant streams triumphant light,  
Divinely vanquishing the darkness.—

Fresh to my heart dear memories bring  
That pictured joy, thee now beholding,  
As Cherubs 'bout thee sleeping sing,  
Thy tender life in theirs enfolding;

While from thy brow divinely flows  
Fresh conquering light, our souls illuming:  
With love and hope it silent glows,  
The earth's dank gloominess consuming.

## VIII.

They hover near, — like sunlit airs  
About the new-born lily's bloom,  
To shield it from the wither'd doom  
A stagnant darkness surely bears, —

They hover near, the ghostly powers,  
They fan celestial light upon  
The lid that veils its fiery sun :  
Their vision guides the bandaged Hours, —

A vision that nor rests nor swerves,  
That knows not darkness, knows not sleep,  
That long hath quit the realms that keep  
The spirit subject to the nerves.

How solemn is this living death !  
 The haughty self so lowly lain,  
 The muffling of the mighty brain,  
 And life but an unconscious breath.

IX.

As cloudlet silvered by the Sun,  
 Or air-supported gossamer,  
 Thou sleepest safe, without a stir,  
 Uplifted by His benison.

Great Sleep, thou liest on those lids  
 Like a warm calm upon the ocean,  
 When winds have folded up their motion,  
 And June to brooding stillness bids.

Lie gently, gracious Sleep, the while  
Life's inmost channels brim with streams  
To ripple soft through flowery dreams,  
That dally with a waking smile.

## x.

Lift at last those lids belashed :  
From without and from within  
Counter streams of light are flashed :  
A new glory tints her skin.

Wide awake, she lieth still ;  
As she would her conscience steep  
In the juices choice that fill  
Life with savor after sleep.



Still she lieth, and her mouth  
 Joy exchangeth with her eyes :  
 As with breathings from the south  
 Flush her temples where she lies.

**XL**

Lusty freedom's brave child,  
 Thy dear motions all swing  
 To a rhythm such as angel-ears quaff:  
 In the air what is wild,  
 On the earth what can sing  
 Set their chords to thy musical laugh.

From thy black impish eyes  
Leap young goblins of fun,  
Deftly mounted on beamlets of light:  
With their gossamer ties,  
Out of mischief quick spun,  
They fast bind us with magical might.

And these bonds make us free,  
With their magical might  
Unloosing of years the rough hold:  
We grow guiltless with thee,  
While we move in the sight  
Of thy joy and thy innocence bold.

XII.

Thou art a vision which the eyes  
 Cannot see with all their light :  
 Too far a mystery in thee lies  
 For the reason's measured sight.

Thou art a myth entrapped in flesh,  
 From its antique cloudy land,  
 Delighting in the sudden mesh  
 Spun by Beauty's lithesome hand :

A Poem bounding through the leaves,  
 Interlaced with sun and thee,  
 More true than ever Poet weaves  
 In his gladdest minstrelsy.

A beamlet art thou of the dawn,  
Shot from Night's high-peopled blue,  
To skim across a May-steeped lawn,  
Scattering diamonds on the dew.

So full of Morning's healthy gush  
Is thy motion's fluent spring,  
Thou know'st nor noon nor evening's hush,  
Nor for thee hath Time a wing.

Too nimble thou for sense to catch thee  
In thy mystic joyous dance :  
Imagination e'en can't match thee  
With his fleet extravagance.

XIII.

Swift minutes run before thy feet ;  
 But not the swiftest passeth by  
 Till he hath touched the springs that ply  
 Thy ruddy pulse's wishful beat.

Each comes from far to bring his gift,  
 He comes from God's eternity ;  
 Mysterious gives his gift to thee,  
 Then silent onward passeth swift.

And lordly Day, when thou dost sleep,  
 His vassals' tribute counteth o'er,  
 And, miser with his more to more,  
 Rejoiceth in the growing heap.

## xiv.

Like matin-note from bridal nest  
Entangled in a blooming tree ;  
Or, rockt on ripple's trembling breast,  
The moon's long path across the sea ;

Or foremost sunbeams' ordered flight,  
A gairish, gleesome, countless crew,  
That scale the dungeon-walls of night  
To kiss th' expectant eyes of dew,—

Like all that best, through eye and ear,  
High thought doth launch upon the deeps  
Where unseen hands our being steer  
And life with sightless movement leaps,

Is thy free glance's mystery ;  
 And in thy voice's maiden mood  
 Are cadences that fall on me,  
 Soft echoes from infinitude.

xv.

Transparent streamlets upward run  
 From roots that cull a dainty food,  
 And send it in an amber flood  
 To meet the embraces of the sun.

A miracle the summit shows :  
 The overrunnings of the rill  
 A brodered chalice scoop, and fill  
 With fragrant flakes, which are the rose.

But pale and cold and thin the vein  
Of earthy blood that vivifies  
The rose, to juices hot that rise  
Ensanguined to thy crescent brain ;

And there through torrid teemful spells, —  
Which human senses dare not trace,  
Nor less than holiest thought embrace, —  
Perform their plastic miracles.

## XVI.

For there such luminous fires are lit,  
A blaze athwart the stars they fling,  
And flashing broad, the riches bring  
Of shapes, sounds, colors infinite.



And others kindle warmer yet,  
 And thought's smooth endless coils unwind,  
 That blandly thy new being bind  
 In law's unseen connubial net.

And others warmer, finer still,  
 Upon thy inward softly melt  
 The loves that purest hearts have felt,  
 And fuse thy bashful wants to will.

And this deep inward wealth o'erruns  
 In featured joyfulness, and dips  
 In beauty's foam curl, cheek, and lips,  
 And eyes that borrow of the suns.

## XVII.

But deeper inward, still more rare,  
Are essences that swiftly sweep,  
And, glorified, as nimble leap  
As lightnings in their boreal lair.

Than rubiest blood more potent they,  
They mete its currents to the heart,  
And rule its pulse with earthless art  
In supersubtle ghostly play.

Earth cannot hear their working-hymn,  
Nor see their billowy hues of flame,  
To which Beethoven's chords were tame,  
And splendors of the rainbow dim.

Streaming from life's great fountain-head,  
 They know nor death, decay, nor sleep,  
 Foredestined to upmount the steep  
 Of angel-summits, music-led.

Behind all thought and passion sit  
 The immortal, to the mortal bound,  
 And watch each motion, blow, or wound,  
 With looks informed from th' Infinite,—

With looks more grand than beamy bend  
 From old Olympian battlements,  
 When to great Agamemnon's tents  
 The Grecian gods a greeting send.

## XVIII.

Like the violets veined thou cullest, —  
Singing, as the laden bees,  
Untaught airs wherewith thou lullest  
Sweetest inner harmonies, —  
Is the pensive opal blaze  
Of thy face on summer days.

Like the restless leap of fountain,  
Musical from morn to eve,  
That from distant trackless mountain  
Draws the thread its jet to weave,  
From the Highest, dim away,  
Comes thy tuneful bubbling day.

Like the changeful joy of skies,  
 Flooded so by western Sun  
 With sweet awe they brim our eyes,  
 And the heart to prayer is won,  
 Is the shifting earnest play  
 Of thy childhood's dimpled day.

XIX.

The Sun his children doth embrace,  
 In flame his arm they feel :  
 Through love it is he rolls through space  
 Each ordered orbit's wheel.

From several suns the fervor warms  
 Thy new corruscant path,  
 And burns with love the hydra-harms  
 That multiply with wrath.

But not a beam from us outstarts  
To beck thee on thy way,  
But it returns upon our hearts  
To bless us with its day, —

A day elate with love's own light,  
Illumination pure, —  
A spark seraphic, kindled white  
By inward sufflature.

xx.

As flusht Aurora, crowned with May,  
Snatches from Night the dreamy flowers,  
Earth's beauties waken to the day  
Of thy new-risen spriteful powers.

And one by one life's wonders press  
 Their features on thy molten brain,  
 Where words that lift and thoughts that bless  
 In quivering piles are hourly lain.

Like pictured cherub-heads a-wing,  
 Soft glistening through fresh incense-fires,  
 Here little loves and longings cling,  
 And peeping buds of pure desires.

They nestle shy and close and warm,  
 An unfledged brood of meteless might,  
 That twitter, chirp and flit, and arm  
 Their pinions for a summer flight.

## XXI.

But pinions puissant-plumed have I,—  
Imagination's brood, by love  
Requicken'd, — keen to soar and rove  
Through the deep Future's swarming sky.

Ere yet thy paths grow steep and rough,  
While still the day has all its bloom,  
And night no care for one to whom  
Each glossy hour is life enough,

I waft me to the rubied peaks,  
First warmed by Fortune's gairish ray,  
Where breezes fan the heats of day,  
And latest linger golden streaks.



Here, with a thousand shadows chased, —  
 By foils and artful mouldings cast, —  
 A towered palace, light and vast,  
 With oriels, corbels, finials graced,

Looks from a hundred windows out,  
 Through vista'd park, on leafy forms,  
 Gigantic playmates of the storms,  
 Hoar oaks, that help the tempest shout.

Within, smooth luxury — refined  
 By manly need — enrobes the halls  
 And chambers, from whose storied walls  
 Gleams lifesome Art's transfusive mind.

The air is sweet with courtesy ;  
 And martial wills and grandeurs proud  
 Are quelled by breeding in the crowd  
 That radiant waving circles thee,

Mistress and Matron young, whose jets  
Of speech canorous fountains make,  
And from whose breathing beauties break  
As lightnings from thy carcanets.

## XXII.

But wherefore leap the jocund years  
To hang upon thy woman's state  
The dole of gross ambition's weight,  
That presses out the bitterest tears?

If Fancy, hopeful-hovering, will  
Dare the dim Future's silent vast,  
Shield her, the dear one, 'gainst the blast  
Of joyments that the duties chill.

Let Fancy work it modestly  
 Each nimble gleaming spirit-vein,  
 Intreasured in a blossom-brain,  
 To glisten through eternity.

Audacious sacrilege it is,  
 To build for thee with wishful thought,  
 God's fresh-enkindled flame inwrought  
 With earthen — greedy fantasies.

xxiii.

And Fancy hath her craven moods;  
 Then, 'gainst my heart, she cowards me,  
 And through my pallor makes me see  
 Of crime and vice the raven broods

Screeching about thy shadowed head,—  
Untimely tamed by net of gray;—  
Then darkening still my cold dismay,  
She conjures phantoms upas-fed,

Dim visible,—so murky vague,—  
Except on thy wan features, feared  
To clammy paleness, as though bleared  
By poison of an inward plague.

Then quickly shifts the torture's phase,  
And, like a cave within a cave,  
Sinks to a deeper night; and, slave  
To terrors undivulged, I gaze,

Blinded at first by blackness. Then  
By silent lightning swift is torn  
The pitchy screen, and thou, forlorn,  
Sittest within a muttering den.

Ere on this hell sweep other blast,  
 My harrowed soul the senses shakes  
 Loose from the spell, like one who wakes  
 With dreams unspeakable aghast.

XXIV.

Cold Fancy here 's no friend of mine,  
 But traitress, who doth dog my mood,  
 To tempt me with circean food,  
 Or drug me with a poisoned wine.

And false to me to thee she 's false ;  
 And so I gird me 'gainst her bribes,  
 And hearken where the soul imbibes  
 Naught that or flatters or appalls, —

Where accents free are laden deep  
With music tuned on heavenly bars ;  
Where pulses throbbing through the stars  
Temper thy motion's joyful sweep.

Thy lightest plays are buds that hold  
A rhythmic life within their flakes,  
And through fresh orient glancing breaks  
Thy noon in marvels manifold.

And marvels more than fancy feigns  
Are smallest deeds, so dim their reach ;  
Nor can all thought such wisdom teach  
As thy young loves and petty pains.

With these and these alone I'll build  
A modest future for thy years :  
I'll build it more of smiles than tears,  
And pray that Heaven its sorrows gild.

1861.

## OTHER POEMS.

4





## A HARP OF MANY STRINGS.

SOFTLY doth sleep at dawn unlock

The forted palace where she broods;

Then back to their chambers instant flock

The brain's unnumbered multitudes.

Through the quick-opened casement, where

An hour before was lonely night,

My fresh eyes meet the crowded glare,

And broad beatitudes of light.

The joyance of the star-cooled trees,  
Earth's baptismement in dewy air,  
Love-messages through whispering breeze,  
The sky's gold crown of misty hair,

The winds that with grave shadows romp,  
Splendors that through the glad leaves leap,  
Young Morning's sunny pilèd pomp, —  
All these are harvests I may reap.

Nor does the wonder steal away  
If I step out into the blaze, —  
The broad is changed for subtler day,  
The grosser for minute amaze ;

For leaf and blossom, blade and bush,  
So vibrate each with separate law,  
And beauty so doth all beflush,  
That wonder deepens into awe.

From sleepless nature, myriad-faced,  
Upglimmers such a sea of eyes,  
My brain, with sibyl-lights belaced,  
Illumined wills it will be wise.

And thought is chafed by orphic hints,  
The common glistens weird and strange,  
And melt the firmest forms and tints  
In mystic sequences of change.

And all about are sights and sounds  
That suckle rapture, since began  
Creation's radiant rhythmic rounds  
Through rose and beetle up to man.

No pulse of life that humblest beats,  
On earth below, in air above,  
But its unhindered motion heats  
In healthy hearts the pulse of love.

Each dumbest creature music wakes  
That through the deeper life-chord rings,  
As love upon us quivering shakes  
The warmth that lifts seraphic wings.

Across the isles of joy and woe  
Æolian gales forever sweep ;  
Than hearts that faintly feel them blow  
More blest are hearts they make to weep.

From wide still burning hearths the past  
Bejems me with its whitest rays,  
Whitened in the high holy blast.  
Of sage and poet's brain ablaze.

And in my jubilant thought so nurst,  
Giant imaginations surge,  
As they the bonds of clay would burst,  
And daunt me on creation's verge.

In sleep's far travel what great hosts  
    Accost the soul, we cannot say ;  
But gifts are given, as angel-ghosts  
    Had dyed them in a higher day.

Great lights great joys forever ply  
    About my life : the breath that warms  
The Sun blows on my cheek, and I  
    Seem dandled in almighty arms.

I am a harp of many strings,  
    And all the day, through night and noon,  
Upon me God his music flings,  
    If I but keep the harp in tune.

## WASHINGTON.

## I.

## THE RIVER.

THE wooded banks are silent each to each,  
Far sundered as by rounding lake ;  
To grasp the tideful flood's ambitious reach  
The heavens a dim horizon make :  
Fitly these woven grandeurs feed  
Moods which a mighty presence here doth breed.

The fires of spring are kindled on the shores :  
Cherry and dogwood flame in white ;

Blossoms in green the life from sassafras cores ;  
But warmest is the redbud's light :  
To each a deeper glow results  
From his soul's heat who ruleth now my pulse.

Its hungry flanks the cork-buoyed sein spreads wide ;  
The boatman's call is heard afar ;  
The distant craft like friendly spectres glide ;  
But all to me transfigured are :  
For over all himself impends ;  
To each his worth benignant blessing lends.

Potomac ! great thou art from thy great flood ;  
Greater as seat of empire vast ;  
But greatest, that thy breezes nursed the blood  
Of him, the foremost of the past ;  
For whom aye sacred shalt thou be,  
With Avon, Tibur, holiest Galilee.

## II.

## THE SALUTE.

Once more in hardy conflict met  
The mother proud and daughter bold,  
To slay and mangle, fright and fret,—  
A quarrel that was new and old.

For England, rankling with the past,  
And angered at our forward port,  
Insult and taunt upon us cast,  
Which first awakened no retort ;

For ours are arms of puissant peace,  
The axe than sword we rather wield,  
And take our joy in sure increase  
By thoughtful work in shop and field.



But England pushed her will so far,  
She threatened very freedom's life :  
Then flung we loose the flag of war,  
And leapt resolved into the strife ;

Where unknit thews such buffets dealt,  
The unshaken giant heaved with groans,  
And England, startled, bodeful felt  
More than her marrow in our bones. —

That through the Capital was heard  
A foeman's drum, to us was shame ;  
Deeper to England, that she blurred  
Such conquest with malignant flame.

By light of flaring roofs in haste  
Her prows and banners seaward turned ;  
And on Potomac's broadening waste  
A frigate's signals fearless burned.

Descending, she with proud disdain  
    Anchored abreast a threatening fort;  
Then stormy poured her iron rain,  
    That shook the shores with far report.

The fort's resistance quickly slept:  
    Dark scornful, on her downward path  
Again the frigate silent swept;  
    Wrath that she could not slake her wrath. —

Summer still warmed the autumn wind,  
    And verdure shared with reddening tints  
The leafy wealth, and breezes kind  
    Shook on the water tenderest prints,

As with her shade that westward swept,  
    With spars and masts sail-crested all,  
The frowning frigate mutely crept,  
    Like goblin through a festival.

“Whose house stands there?” — And he, thus asked,  
Answered, “Mount Vernon.” By the name  
The Captain’s recollection tasked —  
“The home of Washington?” — “The same.”

“And lies he buried there?” The words  
Stooped, laden with emotion’s load.  
“Beneath those trees, where hymn the birds,  
There is the body’s still abode.”

His eyes grew deeper. By degrees,  
As one with vast imaginings  
Possest, who in high distance sees  
Resplendent forms of palmy things,

An earnest joy perfused his face :  
Unconsciously his cap he raised  
With a religious knightly grace,  
As, inward wrought, afar he gazed. —

“Beat to quarters.” — The order flew  
Swift to the hot pugnacious drum,  
At whose loved voice upsprang the crew,  
Thinking another fight was come.

But soon 't was whispered 'mong the men,  
When each stood braced beside his gun,  
That death was not their duty then,  
But calm salute to Washington.

By the strong cannon's measured speech  
Was tamed the roughness of their pride,  
As wrinkles on a wintry beach  
By sounding blows from landward tide.

And when had passed the smoke away  
Passed too was hate and scorn and wrath:  
Within her breast was night for day,  
As swam the frigate down her path.

His holy strength had conquered strife,  
Subduing hearts so stout and brave :  
A mighty conqueror in his life,  
A mightier is he in his grave.

## III.

## TRIBUTE.

Sublimar man than ever threw  
To eager Time a virgin name, —  
So greatly pure it quickly grew  
The wisest monitor of fame ;  
  
A nation's breath is breath of thine,  
Commingled at each human birth :  
Of our vast freedom's life the wine  
Is drafts from thy deep manly worth.

The robust beauty of one life  
    Tingles in each unfolding heart,  
A strength forever in the strife  
    Of right 'gainst wrong's compulsive art.

Sublimest man of all the years,  
    The years are proud to walk with thee :  
On Time's hoar brow thy greatness rears  
    His crown of lordliest majesty.

1858.

**PREVISIONS.**

Yet shall be waked the slumbering years  
By the quick tramp of guilty war,  
And blameless eyes be scorched by tears  
Wrung from new depths of old despair.

Hate shall yet brew his venom's blight  
By heat that ne'er from vengeance warps,  
Till sleepless, pale, unpitying night  
Casts at day's door a mangled corpse.

Young truths shall still their counsel keep,  
Silent 'mid clack of hoary lies,  
That, servile bold, maskt manhood steep  
In slime of stale hypocrisies.

As lightning's breath at tranquil noon  
Upbuilds beneath the western vault  
Its far-off cloud-based batteries, soon  
To volley the dread thunderbolt,

In life's warm lulls shall still be nurst  
Hot ires, that, foully fed, and pent  
In Custom's coward cages, burst  
On the rackt world with ghastly rent.

And still from age's sensual lip  
Shall ooze the lees of rotted truth,  
Dripping, a daily upas-drip  
In the sweet blood of listening youth.



But truth, though tortured, is truth still,  
The stanchest tool wherewith doth ply  
In the world's sway his regnant will,  
The God who can't create a lie.

Lies are all human, fibres true  
Perversely twisted in the strain  
Of sense, that lusts beyond its due,  
Stifling high joy with pampered pain.

Nor in life's swarming womb, where sleep  
Action's full germs, is there a seed  
But from its vivid core might leap  
The graces of a sinless deed.

On Time's green stem the clustered fruit  
Eternity's replenishings  
With such remedial sap recruit,  
That age to age aye bettering brings.

Thus by the soul's aspiring toil  
Her earthly garment shall be wove  
With ever dwindling taint of soil,  
Till human life be heavenly love.

1857.

## LOVE.

### I.

THIS sorrow-shadowed world would sparkle, bright  
As painless Paradise to its new Eve,  
If earth's love-woven threads were lines of light ;  
For not the basest bosom but 't will heave  
At times love-laden, and the many grieve  
Love-anguished daily, while to most is dear  
Lone life through one or more to whom they cleave,  
In thought tracking them hourly, far or near,  
Sending Love warm o'er arctic trail or desert drear.

## II.

And drearier than Sahara's starless waste,  
When winds are playing billows with its sands,  
Colder than frozen moonbeam, pallid traced  
Through Greenland's slanting snows, the soul in  
bands  
Of rigid self so fortified it withstands  
Hot summons of beleaguering troops of woe,  
That myriad-tongued with thin briarian hands  
Upwail and stretch from their dejection low,  
And moan like tempests that through foundering  
cordage blow.

## III.

If in such loveless cave could live a soul,  
And not—in deep self-darkened dungeon pent,  
Uncoupled from the sunn'd celestial whole—  
Lose its immortal gait and hardiment,

And, forfeiting the limitless ascent  
 Of the undying, wane to earthy breath,  
 To vex the sea, with wintry blusterings blent,  
 Or creep plague-tainted lusty sheets beneath,  
 Or howl round hearths where love is weeping for a  
 death.

IV.

Full blest is only he who warmly weeps ;  
 And Love's most sacred fonts are brim with tears,  
 Through which grow visible his voiceless deeps,  
 As heaven's through night's blue gush of farthest  
 spheres.

These drops are jewels stored in toilsome years,  
 Wherein Love glistens on his gala-days  
 Of sorrow, sad despair, and ardent fears,  
 That rouse great Love, who foremost pangs allays ;  
 For his wide glow first fires then soothes them with  
 his blaze,

## V.

As the hot helpful Sun Spring's stormy rains,  
Who with his tender bloom-enkindling heat  
Strains them to joyous fruit and wipes their stains.  
High partner of the sovereign Sun, Love's feet  
Glide like Aurora's arrows that defeat  
The flying darkness and upright the dew :  
Where'er he comes, life's beauties rise to greet  
His flame : the faint expended old renew  
Their juices, and the young pant for the good and  
true.

## VI.

Love is the measure of the more or less  
Of depth in deed, from the brave lonely fall  
Of martyred saint to nursing lioness,  
Who shields her cub with death. Upon the pall,  
Folded in every heart, waiting the call

Of deathful selfishness, Love throws his spark,  
And like benignant light that rends the wall  
Of cloud to hang on high the exultant arc,  
Love's ray cleaves the bleak tempest and the lurid dark.

VII.

The tender breath of timorous spring doth kiss  
With Love's first joy the wishful earth, that drinks  
The welcome warmth, and tokens of her bliss  
Soon gives in blossomed lea, and on the brinks  
Of quickened brooks, through hyacinths and pinks  
And violets, in the new bridal coats  
Of amorous flies, the clinking golden links  
Of gleesome matin-minstrelsy, that floats  
From groves thrilled by the quiring of love-swollen  
throats.

VIII.

Through the croaked plainings of this jangled life  
No song doth sparkle but its melody

Is Love's, whose music sleeps in hottest strife,  
And wakes to smooth destruction's deepening sea,  
Wooes the palled ear of pining misery,  
The sullen eye of outcast crime endears;  
So strong, that, were Love banished, earth would be  
One vast encampment of armed hates and fears,  
A restless desolation, void of smiles and tears.

## IX.

History's best beacons, her refulgent torches  
By Love are lighted, whose empyrean fire  
Makes Moses' sacred mountain smoke, and scorches  
The bush, stifles the lower with a higher  
Heroic heat in the doomed Brutus' sire,  
Turns heavenward Dante's fruitful look that roams  
Through Hell, deep tunes the wistful minstrel-choir,  
And warmer glows than even in tenderest homes  
In the dim vaulted sweep of great cathedral domes.



X.

The starry mazes peopling heaven are gifts  
 Of Love, and by their mystic light we read  
 The cipher of the eternal hand that lifts  
 The film of seeming chaos, plants the seed  
 That grows to suns, by whose great touch is freed  
 The joy of hopeful being, and momentarily  
 Are loosed souls multitudinous, of breed  
 So lordly they are born immortal, free,  
 Co-heirs from God of hope and faith and charity.

XI.

The soul's ascendant recompense 't is Love's  
 To heap, urging life's motion toward the heights  
 Where man puts on his majesty and moves  
 Erect, purged to unbarbèd free delights;  
 Where—feebler feebler grown the sordid fights  
 Of self—activities more calm and wide

And meedful by his breath are fed, and rights  
To duties high deported so allied,  
His pulses are with ceaseless benediction plied.

## XII.

Tempered in us by Love is the great awe  
That else would freeze the swelling thoughts that  
soar  
To seek the all-holy source of life and law,  
To which we then are nearest when we pour  
Ourselves upon our fellows, and our core  
Grows seedful ripe through self-forgetfulness,  
And we, feeling Love's health through every pore,  
Nearer and nearer to the godhead press,  
And blessèd are in that we live to love and bless.

TO A ROSE.

Not the honeyed bee doth sip

All thy fragrance blossomed rife :

Sweetest juices from thy lip

Go to nourish higher life.

Human souls are fed by thee :

What thou draw'st from air and earth

Is compounded cunningly

In a gift of moral worth.

Wisest thinker of our kind  
Comes not near thee in his walk,  
But thou dost enrich his mind,  
Pendant on a tiny stalk.

Nurseling of the tenderest air,  
All the life thou hast to live,  
Dearest child of culture's care,  
Is, to give, and still to give.

### ALONE.

THE widowed mother, one by one  
Hath seen her children drop away.  
A boy was left: now he is gone,  
She sits forlorn, that mother gray.

The captive weeps upon his stone,  
Chained to the narrow wintry floor:  
Nor voice nor eye to him is known,  
Save when the jailer opes his door.

By wayward shipwreck singly thrown  
Upon a distant speechless isle,  
A sailor-boy so mute has grown  
That he at last hath ceased to smile.

Think you that these are all alone,  
Because bereft of human gaze?  
Never was aught but on it shone  
Incessant superhuman blaze.

The blindest worm, the proudest throne  
Are ever blest with company:  
Who were an instant left alone,  
That instant would he cease to be.

And that first death would shake the stars,  
With terror rack creation's face,  
That sprung were life's eternal bars,  
And God no more was in his place.

## THE DEMON.

## I.

CRADLED in earth's diviner wealth,  
The costly breath of infancy, —  
That orb'd the ruddy limbs to be  
Like dimpled coral tinct with health, —  
A new soul beamed its mortal joy  
Through the fresh eyelids of a boy.

## II.

He lay couched on the silent marge  
Of boundless might, that deeply swelled  
In tune with might that in him welled, —

A boy of look so lustrous large,  
That where in inward light he lay  
The happiest sunbeams came to play.

## III.

And with them played a sunnier light,  
Quelling with swollen tides of work  
The jealous stains of busy murk, —  
Beauty's illuminings, clean and bright  
As Seraph's phantasies of power,  
And to all being a sumless dower.

## IV.

And still another braid of beams —  
As her loost hair a maiden's feet —  
Enwinds him in their hallowed heat:  
With such electric current streams  
Love on his head, an answering flood  
Leaps through his eyes and rose cheek's blood ;



## V.

So that he lay a lump of joy,  
A fount spouted through hundred jets  
Of smiles. And Beauty, pausing, lets  
Love have his will on the dear boy:  
For Beauty can not do Love's duty,  
Nor even Love do that of Beauty.—

## VI.

Sunbeam by hasty blackness quenched,  
Of light were not more swift deflowered  
Than that blest boy. So low he cowered,  
As being's pivot had been wrenched,  
Or he had heard through his mother's kisses  
Cold whisperings from a serpent's hisses.

## VII.

Lower and lower quailed the boy.  
Choked by gaunt Pallor's pulseless breath,—

Wan wafture from the wastes of death,—  
He lay a new-launched wreck of joy,  
Wrecked in broad day, and none could see  
The sudden rock of his misery.

## VIII.

Whence that despiteous covert thrill?  
Are his young eyeballs glazed by glare  
Of bristling monster clutched from air?  
Or are his terrors ghostlier still?  
Do subtler spectres inly creep  
Through the dim chambers left by sleep?

## IX.

Mightier than even the might of thought,—  
That grasps in the gauge of its great seeing  
The deep magnificence of being,—  
Is love, here to its utmost wrought,  
Swift filtered through earth's holiest part,  
A trembling large maternal heart;

## X.

Whence now in flood so warm it gushed, —  
Like sane looks poured on madman's eyes,  
Stilling their lunar ecstasies, —  
The boy's cold terror melted : hushed,  
His tears ceased falling on her breast,  
And there he sobbed his moan to rest.

## XI.

And angered Beauty, — quick returned  
To where the love-rockt infant slept, —  
With Love and Life such vigil kept,  
That when he waked his rose cheek burned,  
As o'er its joy had never passed  
A viewless spectre's whitening blast.

## XII.

And still as on the road he skipped  
From childhood's smile to boyhood's laugh,

At times, when just about to quaff  
The cup from gladness' river dipt,  
Such shadow on him strange would fall  
The draught grew thick in sudden gall.

## XIII.

But on the panting hearts of boys  
E'en weight of shadows cannot lie :  
Betossed on fitful lights they die,  
Scourged by the nimble whip of joys, —  
Pet brood of omnipresent truth,  
Th' invisible spirit-guard of youth. —

## XIV.

The strenuous ploughman's obdurate tread  
Less cold entombs the suppliant flowers —  
All young and diadem'd with showers —  
Than fresh-crowned manhood's vaulting head  
Scorns the late urchin's puny joys,  
Counting them but a witless noise.

## XV.

The boy has thought himself to man,  
And stoutly covets manly prizes.  
As the first ray from sun that rises,  
Striking a hill or barbican,  
Chafes the strong eye of plumèd troop,  
Embattled for the lusted swoop,

## XVI.

On him, elate and heated, blazed —  
Like beckoning lights in happiest dreams —  
A virgin drift of Hope's brisk beams,  
As, proud and glad, he dauntless gazed  
Where, glittering in the dewy sun,  
Wide lay the victories to be won.

## XVII.

How trustful broad doth prophesy  
The heart, when new and strong and good!

And truly too ; for in young blood,  
As in first Adam's, folded lie  
The potencies that are to be  
The all of human destiny.

## XVIII.

Yet not for seer fulfilment is.  
Young hearts are but a magic glass,  
Whereon just flash, then quickly pass  
Life's gorgeous possibilities  
Back to the future's calm abyss,  
To sleep till light shall wake their bliss.

## XIX.

Against his thought he soon was sad.  
Besprent by ceaseless rain of sorrow,  
He saw each day entailed by its morrow,  
Coy good constrained by brazen bad ;  
Ever beside warm quickening wombs  
The frosty deeps of infant tombs.—

## · xx.

And now th' invisible rays of thought —  
White-heated by beleaguering fires  
In the quick furnace of desires —  
Are to such plastic temper wrought,  
They forge, of mingled ores compact,  
The humming wheels of human act.

## xxi.

But when, hot from the surgy brain,  
The generous, guiltless, young ideal  
First meets the old grim sordid real,  
Like heated bar immersed, with pain  
Winces the soul, and dark and cold  
Inward recoils to griefs untold.

## xxii.

But love will blench at no ordeal ;  
And who shall set on thought a cope ?

So beauty, love, and happy hope,  
Young mothers of the hale ideal,  
Who in benignant longings bask,  
Grow stronger, younger at their task ;

## XXIII.

Aye, ever stronger, younger, bolder,  
Till from man's turbid sleep be past  
The shadow by his day-dreams cast,  
And wrong in its foul embers smoulder,  
Fused by the crescent Sun of right,  
Climbing mankind from height to height.

## XXIV.

Like cheery breeze-blest galleon, warm  
With flusht farewells and valiant hails,  
That smooth from festive moorings sails  
Into a noyous night of storm,  
And, shrieking, straining, leaping, brave,  
Breasts the close lightning, blast and wave,



## XXV.

Was his quick launch into the world,  
A true, bold, willing man, whose will,  
Affronted, baffled, wounded, still  
Waxed braver in the shock, and, whirled  
On the rude vortex, drew strong breath  
To gird its ribs 'gainst inward death.

## XXVI.

Unlike the ship, no rest had he.  
A stout man, with the will to steer,  
Leaves never tempests in his rear :  
They front him ever angrily.  
Co-angered, he struck stronger through,  
As wilder blacker storm-racks flew.

## XXVII.

On life's mid-path he stood, unbent ;  
But sad his eye was, and his brow

In furrows knit, as if the now  
Despised the past and challenge sent  
To the future. Round his mouth were dates  
Indented there by scorns and hates.

## XXVIII.

Not one was he to flinch or falter :  
Nor eye of man nor frown of hell  
Could for a trice his courage quell.  
And yet, as with himself he 'd palter,  
Or that his ruddiest heart-drops paled,  
At times the spirit in him quailed.

## XXIX.

Across clear onward thoughts would fall, —  
Like shower on festal cavalcade,  
Or summons on a bridegroom laid, —  
A rueful shadow's sudden pall,  
That fixed his eye and blanched his lips,  
And drenched him in malign eclipse.

## xxx.

With weird alarms even sleep was shook.  
Athwart the jointless dreams would crawl  
A hideous hydra to appall  
The bravest. Crouched, a dastard look  
Glared from his wrinkled furtive eyes,  
Greenish and circumfused with lies.

## xxxi.

In a long, sinewy, jagged jaw  
Revenge was toothed ; cold avarice pined  
Pale on his forehead, intertwined  
With lurid hate ; in a vast maw  
Were crammed mixt crude things, of the best,  
Which he could gulp, but not digest.

## xxxii.

With such associate to dream on  
Proved bravest nerve. But now 'gan loom

Blacker against the ashy gloom  
Gigantesque the trembling Demon.  
Then, weltered in cold sweat, he quaked,  
And, shrieking, from his torture waked. —

## XXXIII.

The moving shadow, worded night,  
Unto the day that made her cleaves,  
And lives by food her master leaves,  
Gathering what droppeth in his flight,  
Whereon, through the veiled hours, she broods,  
For good or ill, as be her moods.

## XXXIV.

Only that form was haggard night's ;  
Begotten on shy, helpless sleep  
By wilful day, who bids her weep  
Or laugh, according as he blights  
Or blesses her lone hours. What stalks  
In shade, first in the noontide walks.

## XXXV.

The strong man's strength was mastering will,  
Itself o'ermastered by the blood  
Of lustful wants,—the feverish food  
Of pampered life,—which when they fill  
Th' imperial orbs of thought, usurp  
A throne, and linkèd life discern

## XXXVI.

With bad contentions, endless, black,  
Splintering the wholesome man in two,  
The social both and single, who,  
Self-tortured, gasps upon the rack  
Of thwartings, doubtings, plots, and dreads,  
Like one who in armed darkness treads.

## XXXVII.

Who is unruled by lustless wants,  
Knows not his rank, and basely creeps, -

Whate'er his front,—and craven peeps  
For harbor 'mong the heart's low haunts.  
A crownless King is he, his state  
Sad as were Eve's without her mate,

## XXXVIII.

Woful as sunless planet reeling  
Through thickened chaos,—or an ocean  
Heaved in perpetual shade, its motion  
Untuned by light,—or the pale feeling  
At frantic lion's torrid roar,  
Heard on far Iceland's arctic shore.

## XXXIX.

And thus for him was night in day:  
The sunshine of the soul was quenched  
By earth-clouds, and the reason wrenched  
Its loyal path, the upward way.  
The worst were not mute slumber's gleams,  
But in loud noon the conscious dreams;

## XL.

Day-dreams about the night they make  
In the blank future's awe-hedged realm,—  
Vague misshapes, horrible whims that overwhelm  
The minds that breed them, which still take  
Unholy joy in self-born fright,  
Hugging with vague and stern delight

## XLI.

Their terrible imaginations,  
The froward offspring, coarse and grim,  
Of sultry passions that bedim  
Their life,—lusts and indignations,  
Wherewith they God endow, blaspheming  
With their loose, selfish, dark day-dreaming.

## XLII.

Now sways the ghostly infinite law,  
That the unseen rules the seen. Each hour

These phantasms truculent lap power  
From life's selectest blood, and draw  
Poison from healthy juice, to kill  
All generous, loving, kindly will.

## XLIII.

So was his higher being curst  
By mandates from the lower nature  
Of ires, anxieties, each feature  
Dark with a darkness inly nurst,  
That in his steadfast face you spell  
Prints grooved by thoughts of death and hell.

## XLIV.

Death is a dream of unripe man,  
A carnal myth,—in being a schism  
Impossible,—a cold egotism  
Of crude self-busied brains, which plan,  
That with the ceasing of a breath  
Ceases God's law, which knows not death.—



## XLV.

The murkiest midnight feels the Sun :  
In total shade men could not breathe :  
And when in ghastliest umbrage seethe  
The passions, — like pale silver, spun  
In the black earth, that unseen glows, —  
Through dreariest bosom secret flows

## XLVI.

A thread of lucent life, which chance  
Or prosperous stroke of purpose bares ;  
Or, oftener still, spontaneous flares  
An inward flame, that in the dance  
Fresh leaps, — the grovelling dance of death, —  
And the blind heart illumineth.

## XLVII.

That is a resurrection-day,  
When through the crusted sensual clods

Breaks the self-loosened soul, and God's  
Great smile — first greeted — shines away  
The terrors, greeds, and spites that meet  
Round the numb'd heart, its winding-sheet.

## XLVIII.

O! the deep pious ecstasy,  
When, from the smaller self upflown,  
We firmly sail on currents blown  
Love-lifted towards humanity.  
The far Heavens quit their frosty skies,  
And stooping to us warm our eyes;

## XLIX.

And touch the brain with holy calm,  
That all about we patent see  
Divine impulsions working free  
The prisoned world. With chastened palm  
We handle commonest things, and bless  
All ours with the new happiness.

L.

One he had been who sent abroad —  
Horsed fleeter than the tempest's wind —  
His myriad messengers of mind,  
Sent far, even to the verge of fraud,  
For homage, power, delight, and pelf,  
To gild one petty home for self.

LI.

But now, as though fresh sap had shot  
A subtler tide into the brain,  
Making it sparkle in a train  
Of glib imaginings, all hot  
With great desires, the strong man grew  
Transformed to something mildly new.

LII.

Another sun rose on his face ;  
And there — like unbowed prisoner, free

By stir of slow-paced liberty —  
The soul came out, and through the haze  
Of ebbing darkness glistened glorious  
In its own light, jubilant, victorious.

## LIII.

New thoughts gave action wiser bent;  
New acts gave life so sweet a grace,  
That men looked hopeful in his face,  
And outcasts blest him as he went.  
If higher joy can be, he proved,  
Than loving, 't is to be beloved.

## LIV.

For ripened use too late in him  
These selfless pulses of the heart:  
Spirit from flesh will quickly part:  
The soul hies to a home less dim.  
But not in anguish part the two.  
Gentle regretful sighs came through,

## LV.

That freer verge he had not here  
To be his better self,—for earth  
Rebuilding on a cleaner hearth  
The life he had misbuilt,—and rear  
A name that memory might hold,  
And warmer grow in growing old.

## LVI.

Soon melt even these unbodied sighs ;  
For on his willing conscience roll  
Such pageants of the radiant Whole,  
The bounded earth-life from him flies  
A speck. He feels himself to be  
Parcel of vast Infinity.

## LVII.

A freer pulse new thought upbears,  
More true than life, more wide than dreams ;

What he had been locked childhood seems ;  
And earth, with its earthy wants and cares,  
Lies suddenly remote, and cast  
Behind him in the dusky past ;

## LVIII.

While he — like dawn seizing vast glooms  
With surges of its easy might —  
Rides forward on majestic light,  
Mindless of flesh-imagined dooms ;  
His calm clear spirit-staring eyes  
Ranged far beyond the visual skies. —

## LIX.

Again the routed gang remuster, —  
Minions of venomous desires, —  
To sway him back to stealthy mires.  
Only to singe their wings they cluster.  
Himself his panoply, with arms  
Of light he 's helmed 'gainst wily harms.

## LX.

Still unabashed, by power unvouched,  
Through laurelled hopes, through visions blest,  
Vainly once more the old shades prest ;  
And at the last beside him crouched,  
Like baffled buzzard on a bier,  
Writhing, unmarkt, the Demon, FEAR.

## SONG OF BIRDS BEFORE DAWN IN SPRING.

SWINGING upon the edge of light,  
As violets on flushed April's edge,  
They ply their tuneful privilege  
Yet in the chambers of the 'night.

As planets speaking from the blue,  
They sparkle in the silence deep,  
And their unsullied voices steep  
In moisture of the fragrant dew.



Leap, dreamer, from the dizzy pool,  
Where wicked fancy drowns thy sense;  
Leap to the call of innocence,  
And bathe thy heated instincts cool.

Sad sleeper, shake thee loose from fears,—  
Old wizard Dream's unfathomed cheat,—  
And hearken how these notes repeat  
The music of enraptured spheres.

And thou, whose slumbered breathings move  
Concordant with seraphic lyres,  
Awake, to bless thy ear with choirs  
Of warblers singing songs of love.

## CHILDREN.

WHAT distant fingers knead their clay,  
What fervors slumber in their sleep,  
Of all they be unweeting they,  
They laugh and prattle, kiss and weep.

How strong, how great, these little things,  
Who play among our busy feet;  
They hold us with the gordian strings  
Tied by the heart's enraptured beat.

They are the deep perpetual peace,  
That underlies life's windy war,  
The limpid unploughed layer where cease  
The rages that the surface mar.

### STRIKE NOT A CHILD.

STRIKE not a child : the Maker's breath  
Is warmer in its heart  
Than in or man or woman's. Death  
To the holy spirit is in the smart  
Of brutal blows. 'T is sacrilege  
To wound a chirping child, —  
In whom God just hath smiled, —  
Free fluttering on life's dreadful edge.

He trembles! that great face, so fair  
But now, is quenched; its flood  
Of beauty ebb'd inward to the lair  
Where suckles Anger his mad brood.  
Your blow has thrust him ere his time  
Over the precipice,  
To the black pit where hiss  
The scalding lusts that chafe to crime.

## POETS.

WE haunt the early mountain heights,  
Flusht by the dawns of truth;  
Here rustle God's creative might,  
Here we can keep our youth :  
Rather the morning's golden flight,  
With never rested wings,  
Than the unwholesome ignorant night  
Which too much resting brings.

We crowd the glad auroral halls,  
Where beautiful Ideals  
Aye brace and tone themselves for calls  
To earth's abrupt ordeals :  
Better a day in Beauty's school, —  
Beauty the bride of Truth, —  
Than months of seedless, drowsy rule ;  
For thus we keep our youth.

## A KING.

### I.

SOVEREIGN he is of throned domains, more wide  
Than Rome's blanched eagles with their boldest  
wing  
O'ershadowed; or than in her sea-nursed pride  
England, whose ampler arms such realms enring,  
That round the globe her morning gun  
Reverberates, chasing the Sun.

### II.

The Lydian King was not so rich as mine,—  
Whom Solon's wisdom snatched from fiery death,—



Nor did luxurious, learned Lucullus dine  
With guests so finely choice. Napoleon's breath,  
When Monarchs trembled at its sound,  
Was less imperially becrowned.

## III.

Not wreckful spendthrift who, — like faithless cask,  
Letting rare wine as plenteous water leak, —  
Wastes handfuls daily, nor doth ever ask  
Whether they be copper or gold, and eke  
Would rather they were gold, for so  
He furthers fate at every blow;

## IV.

Nor he whose ointed palm, like the sky's sluices,  
Opes only for a wise beneficence,  
Of whose compassionings the flooded juices  
To gush watch ever for a sweet pretence: —  
These lavish two spend not so fast  
As he whose horoscope I cast.

## V.

Not scented darling of gem'd women's eyes,  
With his happy teeth and smooth bemirror'd curls,  
Who at the glass, his shrine, doth sacrifice  
With incense that around himself aye purls,  
More dainty tended is than he,  
The pet of my poor minstrelsy.

## VI.

Father, of long illustrious lines the last  
But for one tremulous remnant twig,—round whom  
Convolve the chaplet of a princely past,  
And love, the warmer for the threatened tomb,—  
She like a tarn, secluded, far,  
That lonely clasps each stooping star:—

## VII.

Rich lover, and more rich in love than gold,  
In bounteousness still richer than in both,

Who with his bounteousness makes wealth unfold  
The plaits of love and his intreasured troth,  
Whose tributes so his mistress cover,  
She dreams, a fairy is her lover : —

## VIII.

Not these, nor any of the thousands living,  
Gifted with spirit's or with body's goods,  
And with the still more blessed gift of giving,  
Can give like him, who gives as do the woods,  
That give a world of leaves in spring  
That oaks may grow and birds may sing. —

## IX.

The subtlest visitors to the large brain  
Who spirit-like from th' Infinite descend,  
And ever travel with a glittering train  
Of halos new, that with the old inblend  
To wield the top of privilege,  
Whetting of thought the restless edge ;

## X.

Of the great heart the dearest intimates,  
Who come because 't is warm and warmer make it,  
Showered with love that from creation dates,  
The Word's winged soul and life of Him who spake  
it ; —  
These lordly vassals proudly bring  
Of crowns the proudest to our King.

## XI.

But King he is not yet, nor to his head  
Will fit the crown, till 'tween those circled bands  
A third, afire with gems, outvaults, to wed  
Thè two, in glow as of celestial hands.  
Like Morning's holy rim of light,  
That welds forever day to night,

## XII.

And thus sublimely wedged, moves on the earth  
Creative, Beauty's visionary might

Enfrees, where'er it falls, imprisoned worth,—  
The mind's best pioneer, with its lustral light  
Giving to thought a fleckless eye  
And chasteness unto sympathy.

## XIII.

Who is encompassed by this tripled crown  
Has solar warmth which he no more can keep  
Within one bosom, than the Sun can frown  
His summer beams to icicles, or sleep  
While towards him in maternal May  
Turns the young earth with prayer for day.

## XIV.

Of the best gifts that knows immortal life  
To yearning man he is the elected giver,  
Gifts of warm truths, that feed the soul till, rife  
For better mansions here, they make it shiver  
Of strongest Kings the strongest will,  
Obedient to a stronger still.

## XV.

The primal hallowing power is his, to feel  
Throb through his heart the pulse of all that throbs.  
Dim planets that in space their splendors wheel,  
Warriors triumphant, bondsmen through their sobs,  
All trust, as all things do that stir,  
In him, God's meet interpreter.

## XVI.

He sits enthroned in Nature, whence to his brain  
From life's perennial springs run rills of force,  
Which, filtered there, flow limpid back again,  
For centuries the fonts of new resource.  
To one whom God with crown enrings  
What are a thousand man-made Kings?

## XVII.

His is the right divine, the puissant lord  
Of men through all the births of history,

Puissant that with a breath he makes the chord  
Vibrate that 's deepest, truest. Who is he ?  
The Poet-Thinker, he it is, —  
King through his fiery sympathies.

## XVIII.

Seek that exhaustless land, whose seedful dower  
Of men the peopled silence of the past  
Enfolds with stately joy ; whose giant power,  
Rewaked by Garibaldi's patriot blast,  
Flushes the classic land with sheen  
Bright as the grandeurs that have been.

## XIX.

Adown five hundred years of wakeful time,  
Bequeathed from million sires to million sons,  
Undimmed, unsoiled by centuries of crime,  
Like Heaven's unwasted fire, translucent runs,  
Through tyranny's dull desert blight,  
One quenchless shaft of thoughtful light.

## XX.

Dead are her dastard Kings and putrid Popes,  
Dead to men's love and wants and memory;  
But in Ausonia's inmost thoughts and hopes, —  
A strength and promise yet of victory, —  
Live primal Dante's quivering words,  
To patriots, inly-flaming swords.

## XXI.

Hark to the organ-swell of thoughts that teach,  
From Luther's home, men foremost in life's race.  
What gave the pitch to that full concert's reach,  
What still is strongest those vast chords to brace,  
Binding a severed land in one,  
Is the deep rhythm of Goethe's tone.

## XXII.

Wipe from proud England's scroll her highest name,  
And the sweet manly tongue that clasps the earth



With freedom's clamorous voice, were not the same.

From him, the Seer, dates its fulgent worth:

'T is he swells England's brain so wide

With his great soul's creative tide.

XXIII.

And we, a mighty mother's soaring child,

Who on self-balanced centre stand apart,

Irreverent of her Kings, our sovereign mild

Thee we enthrone within our thankful heart,

Great Englishman, greatest, most dear,

Beloved, revered, becrowned Shakespeare.

1859.

### THE MEETING.

THEY met again, and they were calm,  
The calm of happy years ;  
The memories that startled both  
Dissolved them not in tears.

The past lay still within its deep,  
And came not to the face ;  
Each saw it, — she through his old strength,  
And he through her old grace.

He led a daughter by the hand,  
And she by hers a boy ;  
The children kissed each other cheeks  
With ready childish joy.

Then in their eyes that swiftly met  
Kindled a tender light,  
Shot o'er the future from the past,  
With nuptial blessing bright.

She took his girl upon her knee,  
And he on his her boy ;  
And thus they freely looked and talked,  
Brimmed with parental joy.

## DOWNWARD.

DOWN from great Alps the Rivers leap,  
Slaking the plain with flooded sweep :  
Shoots, like an angel on the sight,  
'Thwart the low gloom the Pharos' light :  
Humbly the wise their wisdom speak :  
Forgiveness stoops to souls that seek :  
Love looks its strongest downward bent  
From mother's lid on babe new-sent :  
The highest joy the highest know,  
Is to work downward to the low,  
Melting with daily dawn of love  
The frosts cold Misery's night hath wove :  
Their sleepless vigil in the skies  
The spirits keep with earthward eyes.

## THE YOUNG MOTHER.

EARTH has no look more deep  
Than a young mother's, gazing  
On her boy asleep ;  
Her eyes oft raising,  
Then swift descending,  
On him again their lustre bending ;  
As she on him from Him above  
Would look a sacrament of love.

Not so attended is the mate  
Of Monarch in her queenliest state :  
Sovereign omnipotent she is,  
Her subjects peerless fantasies,  
That bend them to her farthest will,  
As, rapt, in wakeful dream she stirs  
Musings that all the mother thrill.  
And what a dream is hers !  
Poetic lovers never woo  
Ideal words to paint their loves,  
So warmly, or more lively sue  
Delight for gifts, than she now moves  
Imaginations that upspring  
From her heart's nest, and round the dome  
Of starriest heaven familiar sing  
As finding there his fitter home.

Across the chasms of time she floats ;  
She tempts the future's giddiest brinks ;

Of space she leaps the shadowy moats ;  
Only from Hope's fresh cup she drinks.  
Thus from Fancy's free caressings  
Gathering for him ripest blessings,  
She careers where life most glistens,  
Where to her own heart-wants she listens.

Her sleeping boy!—He stirs, he wakes.  
Quick as a cloud the lightning's bar  
From Fancy free her soul she shakes,  
And swifter than a shooting star  
To Earth from Dream's loved heights she springs,  
A mother with an angel's wings;  
And in her countenance a light  
Struck from creative cores,—a glare  
For aught save a young mother's face too bright,  
And here on earth seen only there.

## ODE.

### EMOTION AND THOUGHT.

#### I.

THE floods of vast EMOTION heave ;  
Then towards the shore of sense outgushing,  
    Their trembling billows cleave,  
    With a moan-mingled glee,  
    To its firm bosom, rushing  
Thereon, like to a crested sea  
    Clasping the brawny land,  
    And thence rebounding,



Its sunny kisses sounding  
On the eternal sand,

## II.

Not from a rash admiring  
Stir in your amplest deeps,  
But with a calm aspiring,  
That ye may grandly wake  
Your great twin-brother THOUGHT, who sleeps  
O'ercanopied by visions. Shake  
The dew of common dreams  
From his big eye, which gleams  
Bold lightning, in the welcome heat  
Surging from fonts that dart  
Creative breath, as beat  
The swollen pulses of your heart. —  
Rouse ye, your strength with light enwreathing,  
High sovereign Thought,  
That blest Emotion's procreant breathing

Waste not its virtue, wrought  
To perdurable forms by you,—  
Forms beautiful as true.

## III.

The measureless waters and the air  
Keep themselves clean with motion,  
Bathed ever in the ocean  
Of universal light. More fair  
Than speech can tell  
Earth rises from her star-watched rest,  
Resplendent 'neath the spell  
Of powers within her quickened breast,—  
Creation's voiceless powers, that leap  
Forever in warm nature's womb,  
And know nor check nor sleep,  
Nor death's material doom ;  
Eternally alive and rife  
With affluent life ;

'Their forging might revealed,  
Daily on mortal vision wheeled,  
In beauty's myriad thoughts and forms,  
And the dark majesty of storms.

## IV.

In tiniest things  
Is instant revelation  
Of this transcendent life, which sings  
Interminable jubilation,  
And flings  
On shore and sea  
Everlastingly,  
Ethereal radiance, whose quick glow  
There where its fires  
Feed infinite desires, —  
Within the bounteous heart of man, —  
Is deeper now than aye,

Flashing new light on God's near way,  
Inflaming us to feel and know  
How much we are, how much we can.

## v.

Upon our opened eyes  
Rushes Infinity,  
Poured in us from the skies :  
Eternity  
Broods ever on the inward senses :  
The centres we  
Of such circumferences !  
Out of ourselves so far we stretch,  
In holiest moments we can catch  
Glimpses of th' unimaginable glare  
Of higher homes, and list their jubilee,  
Voiced like a million clarions' trophied blare  
Heard faintly o'er a subject sea.

## VI.

Unhatched abilities,  
Beautiful possibilities,  
    Live in your soundless deeps,  
Supreme illimitable twain !  
Their latent life it is that keeps  
You profluent towards a higher plane,  
They who uplift and lave humanity, —  
    Which else in swinish trough had lain,  
Unfeeling of Infinity,  
Unthinking of Eternity,  
    Whose awful presences  
Transfigure fleshly essences,  
Swathing in a pellucid zone man's being,  
Through which he feels the vision of the Allseeing.

## VII.

Immeasurable Emotion,  
Unconquerable Thought,  
By whose inmarried motion  
All best ascendancies are wrought ;  
Upmount ye, interfused  
For mutual beneficence,  
Your diverse strength conjointly used  
Against the downward pull of sense ;  
Each lifting each,  
So ye may reach  
Into the empyrian day  
Of supersensuous truth,  
Whose indefatigable ray  
Knows not the night of pause,  
Regendering ceaselessly worn manhood's youth  
With the ever freshened forces of anointed laws.

## VIII.

What a glad awe  
O'erfills the expectant soul,  
When vaulting thought  
Of being's courses grasps a new law  
On the scaled ramparts of the Whole ;  
And thence supremely taught,  
More festering rags  
From the cold back of ignorance drags,  
And grown humanely bold,  
Casts on our nakedness  
Another fold  
Of warm truth's sacredness.

## VEILS.

WE move within a world of veils :

They are not cleft by thrust of will :

We know them not as such until  
The higher thought o'er will prevails.

With each new throb of inward power

Another mesh is softly rent ;

Then light to dark is quiet blent,  
As rosier tint to ripening flower.



We dimly see till we create  
The things that on our senses rise,  
Enshrouded in a lone surmise ;  
For all upon the spirit wait.

The silent soul is ever sending  
Creative messages to things : .  
On these a yearning ray she flings,  
Their breath with her diviner blending.

Her life is one long slow prevailing  
Against recruited sensuous odds,  
Exalting man's desires, and God's  
Great visage more and more unveiling.

WE.

WE glimmer specks in shoreless space,  
But motes the mountains are we see,  
And digits to immensity  
Whatever here the senses trace.

But this immensity is ours,  
Partakers we in sacred rule,  
If loyally we bide, and school  
Our deep immeasurable powers.

From astral zones upon us shoot  
Near eyes with calm parental glow,  
In whose fine mystic light may grow  
The sourest will to sweetened fruit.

On spirit spirit ever ray'th :  
The free'd from their supernal day  
Beckon to those still bound in clay,  
In them to nurse upcleaving faith.

And through the folds of living dust  
From higher life come shafts of love,  
To link the soul to souls above,  
And strengthen freedom's strength with trust.

But who to unbelief doth cling,  
Revolves amid unbodied bands,  
Twitted and tossed by viewless hands,  
As children blinded in the ring.

### FOREVER.

THEIR flight he watches with feathery joy,  
As high over head is heard  
The wild flock's cry,— then quick the boy  
Wishes himself a bird.

The youthful man upon a peak,  
Amid a mountain-throng,  
Chafes at his limbs, so wingless weak,  
While he riots the peaks among.

The father and grandfather hies,  
In thought, affection, will,  
To his scattered progeny ; but lies  
His crippled body still.

And what are these but dumb foresight  
Of acts as yet unfreed, —  
Shoots from a latent life, whose light  
Foreshines the certain deed ?

Shall the eye go where the man can not ?  
Shall thought or bolder dreams,  
Whose range and reach are aye begot  
By the soul that through them gleams ?

Does man's deep inward him bemock  
With sham presentiment,  
His heart with moony longings rock,  
And nothing more be meant ?

Could malice strike from the great source  
Of order, reason, love ?  
Does HE give feeling, thought, and force,  
To balk them from above ?

Dim prescience these, sweet prophecy,  
Mysterious far foretelling  
Of life disbodied, life to be  
With will, with love aye welling ;—

Faint whisperings from the power that roofs  
All being unfailingly, —  
Soul-bidden promptings, hints, near proofs  
Of immortality.

The present, past, and future clasp  
Each other in a ring ;  
And if of one a link you grasp,  
Through all a thrill you fling.

They end not here our appetites,  
On earth they but begin ;  
For though our bodies rot, their rights  
Survive as bliss or sin.

A marriage deep without divorce  
Is that of spirit and flesh,  
And from the cold, relapsing corpse  
Springs life forever fresh.

The body's members are no toys  
For the soul's sublunar play ;  
But counters, that in griefs or joys  
Sum what the soul must pay.

How fruitful is the littleness  
Wherewith our souls are vext,  
When acorns of this world express  
Oaks rooted in the next.

Aye, thus by thought and phrase we split  
An intermelted whole ;  
But thought and phrase can sunder it  
No more than speech the soul.

Our worlds are one, and one are we :  
That still too close our glance  
To mete this rounded unity,  
Is the due of ignorance.

Could men foreknow that they will live,  
And ever be themselves,  
To the self a higher hold 't would give,  
That sordidly now delves.

To thought what height 't would lend, to spy  
Beyond earth's finite seeing,  
Life's littleness o'erbalanced by  
Its magnitude of being !



Our lusts and pampered tawdry needs  
Pile dread upon the bier ;  
With them hard-hearted Christless creeds,  
That brew the curse of fear.

The man he feels no blast of age,  
Is by no sickness torn :  
After a long earth-pilgrimage  
The clay coat 't is that 's worn.

The spirit keeps its light, a flame  
That aye illumineth  
Earth-paths, as well as what we name  
The shadowed vale of death.

### A STAR.

THE moon lies still beneath the trees,  
And silver-spots the sleeping moss,  
And touches with a ghostly gloss  
The leaves unwakened by the breeze.

A silence as of myriad swoons  
Drives in my feelings to their deeps,  
Where still more awful silence sleeps,  
Mid lights more ghostly than the moon's.

From th' eastward, through a leafy rent,  
Flashes across the moony sleep  
One star upon my inmost deep,  
Voicing the silence therein pent.

With holy glances, diamond-hued,  
About my flickering lights it winds,  
And all my finite tossings binds  
To fixtures of infinitude.

## MONODY ON HORATIO GREENOUGH.

THE generous hopes of youth  
Are firstlings of our affluent being ;  
Born while the heart is newly seeing  
Great visions of the truth.

Life's morning glows with fires,  
Reddening the soul with lusty flashes,  
That, ere its noon, are silent ashes  
Of dead dreams and desires.

He is the highest man,  
Whose dreams die not ; in whom the ideal,  
Surging forever, makes life real,  
Ending where it began,

In visionary deeds,—  
By plastic will deserted never,  
His life-long joy and sweet endeavor  
To prosper Beauty's seeds.

'T is he helps Nature's might,  
Echoing her soul, whether it crieth,  
Or silent speaks ; and when he dieth  
On earth there is less light.

Then mourn, my country ! Shed  
Deep tears from thy great lids, and borrow  
Night's gorgeous gloom to deck thy sorrow ;  
Greenough, thy son, is dead.

A crownèd son of Art  
And thee ; lifted by love and duty  
To his high work of marble beauty,  
Coining thereon his heart.

Quick is grief's shadow sped  
Across the seas to Tuscan mountains,  
Darkening the depths of living fountains  
By Art and Friendship fed.

That peopled solitude,  
The Studio, where, amid his creatures,  
Broodeth the God, his busy features  
Irradiant with his mood,

Is orphaned now ; and pale,  
Each sculptured child seems sadly listening  
For the warm look, that came in glistening  
With a fresh morning-hail.

These are his inmost heirs ;  
In them still pulse his heart's best beatings,  
Of soul and thought deep nuptial greetings :  
What most was his is theirs.

And they are ours. Our sight  
Grows strong, as, compassing this gifted  
Enmarbled life, we are uplifted : —  
On Earth there is more light.

February, 1853.





## SONNETS.



## TO KEATS.

OF the heart's reasons wherefore one would know  
That the departed live, and smile or sigh  
When we do, with a level sympathy,  
There 's one I feel an impulse to let flow  
In tuneful words: it is, that I might throw  
Upon thy listening ear, if so may be,  
My thankfulness for what I owe to thee,  
Imperial genius, who, a boy, didst sow  
Fresh seeds, of quickening power to men, great Keats;  
So wisely great in thy unfurnished youth,  
That, what had been thy broad Shakesperian feats  
If ripened, swift imaginations gasp  
To guess, sure only that sublimer truth  
Had more enriched thy larger rhythmic grasp.

## TO SHELLEY.

UPON thy subtile nature was a bloom,  
Unearthly in its tender, gleamful glow,  
As thou had'st strayed from some sane star where  
    blow

But halcyon airs, and here, blinded by gloom,  
Did'st stumble, for the lack of light and room,  
And strike and wound with purposed good ; and so,  
Through Highest pity, thou had'st leave to go  
Early to where for each earth-life its doom  
Awaits it, as the fruit the seed, and where  
Thy multitudinous imaginings,  
So truthful pure, on Heaven's fulgent stair  
Fit issue find, and mid the radiant rings  
Of mounting Angels thy great spirit's glare  
Adds to the brightness of the brightest things.

## TO COLERIDGE.

COLERIDGE, for many a studious year I have been  
Thy thankful mate ; climbing the misty heights  
Of speculation, or when — the delights  
Of great imagination's realm serene  
Blessing me through th' impassioned visions seen  
By ravished genius — thou hast shown me sights,  
Revealed to mighty Poets with the lights  
Struck by creative frenzy ; visions clean,  
That mind in purgatorial surges dip,  
And we come freshened forth, so purified,  
That ever anew thy rich companionship  
I court, to warm me at a holy fire,  
And be with deep soul-logic stoutly plied,  
Or trance-ensteeped by thy melodious lyre.

## TO WORDSWORTH.

AMONG my unabating joys are these,  
That under thy calm roof I pressed the hand  
Whose life had been obedience to command  
Of rarest genius ; that beneath thy trees  
I shared with thee thy cordial mountain-breeze,  
Answered thy speech, and looked into the bland  
Mysterious eyes that had beshone the land, —  
Those inlets to deep beauty's boundless seas, —  
And there, beside thy household lakes, did hear  
Thee laugh, and feel thy smile, so kindly blent  
With hospitalities, that since that year  
Thy face hath been a loved accompaniment  
To the grand music, mounting tier on tier,  
That to my thought profounder rhythm hath lent.

## TO GOËTHE.

TEUTONIC leader,—in the foremost file  
Of that pickt corps, whose rapture 't is to feel  
With subtler closer sense all woe and weal,  
And forge the feeling into rhythmic pile  
Of words, so tuned they sing the sigh and smile  
Of all humanity,—meek did'st thou kneel  
At Nature's pious altars, midst the peal  
Of prophet-organs, thy great self the while  
All ear and eye, thou greatest of the band,  
Whose voices waked their brooding Luther-land,—  
At last left lone in Weimar, famed through thee,  
Wearing with stately grace thy triple crown  
Of science, statesmanship, and poesy,  
Enrobed in age and love and rare renown.

## TO MILTON.

BURNED into History's high beacon-page  
By deed and thought and genius, — triple fire,  
Seld-seen on earth, — thy wreathèd name flares higher  
Than all men's else in the sublimest age  
Of England, where against Time's billowy rage  
None is more fenced than thou, without thy lyre,  
Whose tones shall ring till pales the last dim pyre,  
And crumbles earth's triumphant equipage, —  
Stirring meanwhile, with deep sonorous peals,  
All whom its softer notes have quick entranced,  
Dulcet and manful, — first on even keels  
Smooth wafting raptured souls, then in high storms  
Of giant music purging them, advanced  
To where the holier spherul influence warms.



## TO SHAKESPEARE.

CORUSCANT Presence, who dost ceaseless shine  
Unbodied benefaction on the blest, —  
Thy lifted myriad-millions, aye possesst  
Of that wide speech, in whose unwearied mine  
Thou art the richest vein, — phrases of thine,  
The largest, most embossed, the fiery best,  
He needs who, cheered by gratitude, would crest  
His love and awe with epithets so fine  
They shall exhale some flavor of thy worth,  
A fraction speak of what men owe to thee,  
Thou lonely one, at whose still modest birth  
Were born new worlds of truth and ecstasy,  
Thou great emblazoner of man and earth,  
Thou secret-holder of humanity.

## TO DANTE.

MONARCH august, thy solitary throne  
Didst thou with solitary wisdom earn,  
Midst want and gloom and exile, stout and stern  
To master thy great self, and all alone, —  
Away from Tuscan hearth and children blown  
By Guelfian tempests, — with strange power to turn  
Thy soul's hot tumults into flames that burn  
A world-effulgency, while for thy own  
Dear land thy mighty rhyme hath been a breath  
Breathing from Beatrice's heaven through thee,  
A breath of holier life heaving beneath  
The life of universal Italy,  
Where, sung thy song, thou passedst lone through death,  
Ended thy long sublime soliloquy.

## TO HOMER.

IN realms beyond young Story's dusky day,  
Where but for thee were Chaos' lightless rule,  
Thy fresh strong-souled impersonings so fool  
The senses, that we yield us to their sway,  
And clasp unto our hearts with earnest play  
Thy Doric brood, in whose primeval school  
Poet or sage is glad to fill a stool,  
And grow beneath thy fruitful quenchless ray,  
As on thy vast horizon Gods and men  
Shame history with the grandeurs of their strife,  
Inbreed delight, wrath, wonder, love, and ruth,  
And deepen man's outworn fast fading ken  
With teachings of the dear religious truth,  
That Heaven and earth live intermingled life.

## TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Not lonely did a mother's grateful gaze  
Illume thy cradled brow ; but from all climes  
And continents of this round earth came chimes  
Of love, that made a globe-enclasping blaze  
Of hearty homage to thy tender days, —  
A flame nor quenched nor dimmed by changeful time's  
Assault ; but still old loyalty sublimed  
Thy manly person with its steadfast rays ;  
Wherewith has now been wreathed a novel fire,  
Long burning in a kindred People's core,  
And by thy presence kindled to desire  
To burst in buoyant greeting and outpour  
A great Republic's welcome from its breast  
To England's future King, our honored guest.

October, 1860.

## TO ENGLAND.

ENGLAND, we are proud to be thy eldest child,  
Thankful to God for the rich heritage  
Which thou, ere we were born, from age to age  
With thoughts and deeds of mightiest men up-piled,  
Too great within thy bounds to be inisled,  
And thence, — wide wafted on the undying page,  
Feeding the soul of hero and of sage  
In every Christian land, — on us have smiled,  
Through privilege of tongue, a daily cheer,  
So warmly kindred to our Saxon hearts,  
That we, though sundered from thee, parent dear,  
Have kept our love and reverence through all smarts,  
And now stride with thee in one grand career,  
Sowing the Earth with freedom and with arts.

October, 1860.

## TO SCOTT.

WINFIELD, thy prophet-parents named thee, Scott;  
And now at climax of delight they fold  
Thee in celestial vision, and behold  
Their warrior win his highest field; for not  
Canadian laurels, 't was thy youthful lot  
To reap victorious, nor thy wreaths of gold,  
Inwove with Azteck palm, will e'er be rolled  
With such sonorous hymn from trumpets hot  
With fame's fresh breathing, as thy present deeds,  
Baffling the blackest treason ever hatched  
In the foul nests where brood the godless greeds,  
Its crime foiled by a steadfast eye that watched  
Thy perilled country, and in its dread needs  
With duteous mastership from ruin snatched.

January 22d, 1861.

## TO ANDERSON.

GLAD lightning, on his myriad-footed steed,  
Sped o'er the land, as happiest angels ride  
On blissful errands; then through the flood tide  
Of fiery syllables, thy sudden deed  
Poured on the Nation's troubled heart such seed  
Of power, the flagging pulse leapt in its side,  
The eagle soared sunward, again strong-eyed,  
Stout men looked each on each with freshened pride,  
And stretched to the utmost admiration's creed  
Towards mothers that could bear the like of thee,  
Who mid mad shriek of treason's thwarted brag,  
With soldier's grasp and true soul's loyalty,  
Outflung with prayer on Sumpter's martial crag  
Freedom's broad shield, terrible on land and sea,  
The world's chief hope, — our war-won fulgent flag.

January 27th, 1861.

## TO LUTHER.

DEEP in the sanctuaries of the mind,  
Where, mystically fed, are fiery wrought  
The exulting miracles of freest thought,  
Where boldened wills the subtleties unwind  
That in conspirant coils resistless bind  
Man to his broadest duties, where are caught  
Fresh whispers from skyed voices, where are fought  
Truth's foremost battles, — there art thou enshrined,  
Forever incensed by new love and light  
Born daily in the aspiring hearts where glows  
The fire of freedom, kindled through thy might,  
Thou Titan of the Conscience, whose vast blows  
Clove Popedom to the core, and freed the right  
From Thraldom's lurid spells and deathful throes.

March 8th, 1862.













